



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



A QUIET HAVEN.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN IN SCOTLAND.



YOUR writing-table is, if you please, upon the balcony of the Ellangowan Hotel, Creetown. You may not, perhaps, guess off-hand the precise locality of Creetown. But when we say that it is in the heart of 'Guy Mannering Land,' and is surrounded by the country of *The Raiders*; that before us are the bright waters of Wigtown Bay, and behind the purple hills of Kirkcudbrightshire; and that that slowly-moving wreath of white vapour curling in the west, which seems but the whiff from a cigarette, marks the express train that is speeding on its way to Stranraer—the port commanding the shortest sea-passage to Ireland—you will be better able to identify this 'loophole of retreat,' which has not yet 'seen the stir of the Great Babel, nor felt the crowd.'

Creetown is distinguished for its many admirable negative qualities. As a watering-place, it is desirable not so much for what it has as for what it has not. It addresses itself especially to the lover of the sea, the mountain, the heathery moorlands, and the wooded glen; to the brain-worker in quest of quiet, the invalid in search of health, to the recluse who loves seclusion. Even the soft rain and the mist of this country seem idealised and full of artistic attributes, and we feel the force of Sir John Millais's contention that three hours of sunshine in Scotland is worth three months' sunshine in Cairo, and of his description of Caledonia as 'a wet pebble with the colours brought out by the rain.'

Here arbitrary Fashion does not stipulate that you shall dress three times a day and promenade to the melodies of Schumann and Schubert. Here Pleasure is not of a treadmill character, monotonously directed by a despotic master of the ceremonies. Nothing here is stereotyped or sophisticated: no regulation promenading up and down an iron pier; no conventional appointments at the proper times at a spa; no concerts, dances, bazaars, 'functions,' formalities. There is

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no straining after effect, no desire to be something different from what you really are. Here are no Ethiopian serenaders whose barefacedness is not hidden by their burnt-cork complexions. There are no raucous street-singers; no hot-gospel preachers; no phrenologists to tell you how to make the fortune they somehow have not managed to amass; no venders of warm ice-cream; no hawkers of 'native' oysters that are 'settlers'; no brazen performers upon brazen instruments; no torturers of trombones and vivisectionists of the violin; no drummers intent upon getting out of the vellum a louder note of discord than its construction entitles it to emit; no pianos with banjo twangs that turn the blessed sense of hearing into a curse and make you envy the deaf; no itinerant sopranos whose top notes set even one's false teeth on edge; no Italian organ-grinders to accost you at your open window, to throw their filthy kisses at your daughters, and push their pendulous caps under your very nose.

There is absolutely nothing here of those elements that at certain popular seaside resorts make the foreshore and esplanade a vulgar pleasure-fair or a marine edition of the 'wakes.' There are no touting charioteers who are anxious to drive you out of your mind for eightpence; no jetty where crowds congregate to witness the arrival of 'the husband's boat' and receive with raillery and derisive remarks the sickly *voyageurs* who, 'when the breezes blow, generally go below, and seek the seclusion that the cabin grants.' There are no excursionists enjoying 'ten hours at the seaside for half-a-crown'—salt breezes retailed at the rate of threepence per hour. In a word, Creetown has not yet paid the inevitable penalty for its beauties by becoming 'popular.' The only apprehension we feel is that when the place becomes better known it will suffer from the 'receipt of custom.' *Di, prohibete nefas!*

But it must not be supposed for one moment [All Rights Reserved.]

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that Creetown is without positive advantages to set off against these negative qualities. The law of association—that *lex non scripta* of sentiment—links the district with the romance of history; and scenes beautiful indeed in themselves become more lovely when illuminated by poetry and legend. To-day we enjoyed a sail with the most kipped-faced of skippers to Dirk Hatteraick's Cave, where he and other daring smugglers in the good-bad old times pursued what they euphemistically called the 'fair trade.' They landed with impunity contraband cargoes of cognac and schnapps, Mechlin lace, and hyson and souchong from the Isle of Man, with the connivance of the local magistrates, who frequently discountenanced (through timidity or worse motives) the officers of the revenue in the exercise of their duty. Yesterday we drove in the Ellangowan four-in-hand coach to Newton-Stewart, seated by the side of that fine Highlander, Robert Laing, who could, we verily believe, drive a pair of 'screws' in a manner that would make the spectator think that he was behind real thorough-breds—something like Dr Blimber's butler, who gave a winy flavour to the table-beer by the superb way in which he poured it out. Tomorrow we go by roal or rail to Castle Kennedy, *via* Luce Bay, *en route* for Loch Ryan. From Castle Kennedy station the lighthouse on the long, low Mull of Galloway is visible, and Luce Bay, with its sand-dunes, opens with the mountains of the Isle of Man in the gauzy background and the little Scar Rock isolated in mid-sea.

An English army halting here in 1300 found a village called *Creth*. About one hundred years ago Creetown, which was then known as Ferry-Town-of-Cree, contained 104 persons; now the population is about 900. A cotton factory was established here in 1790, a tanyard, and a mill for patent shot-lead. It is said that the first patent shot was made in Creetown. About fifty years ago one writer records that 'a town-hall and lock-up have lately been erected in Creetown, and have been most useful.' We fancy the first in the list the most so. The gardens were then so stocked with fruit-trees that in spring the place looked like an orchard.

Creetown will be spoilt if it ventures beyond its present clean and homely and healthy status and becomes a fashionable watering-place. If it becomes *ton*, it would be every bit as demoralising as one of John Leech's young, fresh, joyous maidens masquerading as a Parisian 'professional beauty.' The Ellangowan Hotel should be 'up-to-date' enough to meet all reasonable requirements of 'progress and civilisation.' We would infinitely prefer to see—as is to be seen to-day in the one long street—bonny, shapely-limbed, barefooted bairns, with the blue of the sea and the sky in their eyes, and the bronze of the hills on their cheeks, than that the thoroughfare should be modernised and usurped by that precocious, languid,

luxurious creature, 'the child of the period.' Don't think that because these careless, romping Creetown children go (on week-days) barefooted they belong to back-slumdom. No supposition could be more remote from the truth. The bare foot in these Scotch villages is by no means an indication of straitened circumstances. And what grace the absence of leather gives to the feet! What a beautiful anatomical structure is the youthful foot, with its arched instep and the absence of cramping tightness! Here be no corns or bunions, or other excrescences calling for the chiropodist's attention. At Creetown we doubt whether a chiropodist has ever been seen; the place is so abnormally healthy that they must have to send to a big town in the rare event of a death to find an undertaker; while as to a doctor, bless you! why, he would go through almost as much suspense as Captain Dreyfus in waiting for patients that wanted his services.

Young Creetown is, perhaps, taught by a descendant of poor, modest, worthy Dominie Sampson himself, who was willing to suffer hunger and thirst in exchange for acquiring Greek and Latin. Educated thrift has been the keystone of the Scottish character. There was sober truth as well as gay humour in the motto which Sydney Smith proposed for the *Edinburgh Review* when that powerful organ of the higher criticism was launched. It was *Tenui Musam meditamus avenâ* ('We cultivate literature on a little oat-meal'). And what a grit of national character has come out of groats! In war and commerce, in the pursuits of industry and the paths of exploration, in universities of learning and in fields of foreign travel, Porridge has been omnipotent. It availeth alike in every latitude and longitude. It is your friend and supporter when you are frozen in the Arctic regions or fevered in equatorial Africa, squatting on Australian sheep-runs or running American cattle-ranches, trapping the moose-deer and the wapiti that roam the backwoods of the Great Lone Land, or carrying the flag or following it in far-off lands beyond the sea. Porridge is more powerful than the Pen. It won the battle of Waterloo, and is associated with the conquest of India and the exploration of the world, supporting Marlborough in the Low Countries, rallying Wolfe at Quebec, marching with Wellington in the Peninsula, following Sir Colin Campbell up the heights of Alma, avenging Delhi and Cawnpore with Outram and Havelock, routing Ayoub Khan with Roberts, storming Dargai with Mathias. And in the future it will be the grown-up lads of such little places as Creetown who will fill professors' chairs, wax eloquent at the Bar and inspiring in the pulpit, and lead forlorn hopes against overwhelming odds just as if the task was part of every day's duty.

A pedestal of which Gallovidians are pardonably proud is the Murray Monument. Alexander

Murray, philologist, was born and reared in a rude cottage at Dunkitterick. On the very spot where his memorial stands he watched sheep and studied his books. His father, a poor shepherd, had taught him the alphabet by tracing the letters with the burnt and blackened end of a 'heather birn' (a heather stick) on the flat of a 'peat wecht' (a shaved sheepskin stretched round a hoop, and used for carrying peats from the stack to the kitchen fire). Murray may be said to have had hardly any school education. He was self-taught and self-made. The aspiring youth wrestled until he had thrown them—

Those twin jailers of the daring heart,
Low birth and iron fortune.

He owed nothing to adventitious aid or influence, 'luck' or fortune, whatever. His life-story shows that the brightest career is open to the poorest youth. 'God,' says Shelley, 'has given man arms long enough to reach heaven, if he will only put them forth.' Murray put forth his arms. To epitomise his biography, the hillside shepherd lad became a D.D. and Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, and the monument that is such a notable landmark in Galloway was erected by his countrymen in 1835. But, after all, Murray's best memorial is the personal legacy he left to the youth of his country—the heritage of a heroic name and the encouragement of a great example.

The pious Samuel Rutherford, afterwards Professor of Divinity, St Mary's College, St Andrews, author of the famous 'Letters,' frequently preached in this parish, when in Anwoth (1627-39), which is within easy reach of Creetown. When it was proposed to make him a professor in St Andrews his parishioners made a strong but unsuccessful attempt to retain his services. A square granite pyramid on Boreland Hill commemorates his residence in Galloway. This parish of Kirkmabreck gave Edinburgh University another professor, Dr Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy, who, if not quite so great a prodigy as Alexander Murray, could read when between four and five years of age, and had a memory so tenacious that he could recall twenty or thirty lines of French or Italian after a single reading. He was popular with his students, and his *Lectures* reached a nineteenth edition in 1850. He was very fond of animals, and believed that some of them had a moral sense and immortal souls. Did his countryman William Nicholson, the peddler poet, also share his belief? We know not, but being a good piper who attended country fairs and gatherings, one day he was found playing vigorously to young cattle and colts, and said he was better pleased with

the antics of the animals 'than if the best leddies in the land were figuring before him.' Dr Murray and others so helped Nicholson to subscribers for his first volume of poems that he realised £100 of profit from it. As a poet he reached his high-water mark in 'The Brownie of Blednoch,' which has been quoted and eulogised by Dr John Brown in his 'Black Dwarf's Bones.' Some of William Nicholson's poems still make good local reading, even after a course of Crockett's Scottish novels, or Scott's *Redgauntlet*, or Harper's useful *Rambles in Galloway*.

This country-side also teems with memories of the Covenanters. Its very stones are cemented with their blood. Crowning the hill-top at Wigtown is the Martyrs' Memorial. It is a monument to two sisters, Margaret Wilson and Margaret MacLachlan, who were tied to a stake and drowned by the rising tide in Wigtown Bay for their adherence to the Covenanters' cause in the fierce days of King James, whose religious persecutions were worthy of Philip the Second.

But the *odium theologicum* no longer disturbs Creetown; the 'Raiders' are friendly Sassenachs, who are welcomed across the Border; the Smugglers' Cave is filled with the joyous 'spirits' of tourists and holiday-makers; and cattle-lifting has given place to industrial pursuits that illustrate the dignity of labour, such as the great granite quarries a mile or two from the town. The present writer had a beautiful little cube of this marble-like granite presented to him at the quarries for a paper-weight. But the compliment was, perhaps, an equivocal one. Our enemies might urge that our literary style is heavy enough without being burdened by the weight of chunks of granite!

This quarry deserves a sentence or two to itself. It was first opened in 1831 by the Liverpool Dock Company, who between that date and 1844 employed from 60 to 450 men, according to the demand for material. Its working in 1834 cost £15,000. Powder was at first employed to loosen the stone, as much as 50, 60, or even 70 lb. of powder being used as a blast; but it was found that the young earthquake caused by this charge destroyed some of the finest blocks of granite, and drills and wedges and crowbars were again reverted to for the time.

Creetown as a health-resort is so salubrious that a valetudinarian who, 'given up' by his physicians, came here some years ago to die, took a new and long lease of life. He has built a house at Creetown, and in personal appearance seems to become younger as he grows older. He may be seen on the Ellangowan Nine-Hole Golf Course (which, by the way, was laid out by old Tom Morris) driving balls in a manner worthy of a holder of the Open Championship.

TORPEDO-BOAT 240.

CHAPTER IV.



When INTER sprang on to the bulwarks, and dragged her up, clasped her in his arms, and jumped overboard. As he did so a wild cry rang in his ears; he struck out with his feet, and then felt himself drawn under water as if by an irresistible power. Down he went lower and lower, but still struggling to rise. It seemed to him that there was a tremendous pressure on his brain; then this lightened, but he was almost losing consciousness when his head suddenly came above water. There were numbers of figures struggling in the water behind him. Miss Aspern was still holding him with a convulsive clasp, and with great difficulty he shifted himself so as to be able to use one arm as well as his feet, and then struck out so as to get away from those struggling around him. Then he looked around for the boat, but the mist hung heavily on the surface of the water. He was not trying to swim now, but only to keep his mouth and that of his companion above water. In a minute or two the shouts and screams ceased. Looking round, he saw a dark object just above the water, and with difficulty making his way to it, found that it was one of the gratings. Putting his weight on one side, he brought the edge below the water, and undoing Miss Aspern's clasp, laid her head upon it; then he sank it still farther, got his handkerchief from his pocket, and tied it round her arm to the grating to prevent her from slipping off; after which he swam round the other side of the grating, and climbed on to it. With the weight it sank level with the water, but he was able to grasp Miss Aspern and drag her on to it. She opened her eyes now.

'Where are we?' she murmured. 'Where is the boat?'

'I have no doubt that the boat is all right,' the lieutenant said briskly; 'we are on a grating, and you are perfectly safe for the present.'

'Do help me to sit up. Why, the water nearly covers this raft we are on.'

'Yes; so long as we both sit still it will just support us and no more. Fortunately, you see the water is quite smooth, and to-morrow morning I have no doubt I shall be able to get hold of some bits of wreckage and lash them to this grating so as to be able to make a decent sort of raft of it.'

'Are you sure that the boat got away, Mr Winter?'

'I have no doubt that it did.'

'Then why does it not come and pick us up?'

'It had as many on board as it could hold, and

the only thing for them to do was to row away. They know where the land lies, and will be half-way there by now. It was not more than ten or fifteen miles away.'

'Then I suppose they will get help and send out boats to find us?'

'No doubt they will,' the lieutenant said, though he knew that the chance of their obtaining any help at Anticosti was slight indeed.

'Then there is nothing whatever to do?' the girl said after a pause.

'Nothing at all. I might get over and push this grating along a little, and I will certainly do so in the morning if there is nothing in sight; but at present the stars are all hidden by the mist, and I have no idea which way to go; and in the next place, we are at present close to any wreckage that may be floating about, and it is important to get some more if we can, so as to make this grating more buoyant in case of the wind getting up at all.'

'Do you think that many of the boats got away?'

'I should hope two or three of those forward may have done so. I should think that the only quarterdeck boat that got away was the one that your mother was in.'

'You saved her life as well as mine, Mr Winter.'

'Well,' he said lightly, 'we don't know yet who are saved and who are not, so we will wait until we are all safe. Are you very cold, Miss Aspern?'

'I am very wet and uncomfortable, but not very cold. What time will it begin to get light?'

'It will begin to lighten between three and four; it must be past twelve by this time, so there will be only three hours of it.'

'Well, you must talk. Talk about anything, but do talk, or I shall think that this is a sort of nightmare; only don't talk about the ship, please. Tell me where you have been before, or about your people at home.' There was a shake in her voice telling him that the tears were very near.

'I will talk,' he said; 'but first of all let us try and make you a little more comfortable. Let me take off that cloak and wring it out; then you might try to wring out your own things a little, so as to give them a chance of drying a bit as soon as the sun comes out. That is right. Now, if you don't mind leaning against me a bit you might be able to drop off to sleep while I am talking. There, that is better; I am sure you must be more comfortable now.'

Then he began to talk about his boyhood in

the quiet cathedral town in which his father was a minor canon; he talked of his brothers and sisters, and how he, the eldest, had been nominated as a cadet on board the *Britannia*. He told her stories of boyish pranks on board the training ship, and of his delight when, having passed, he was appointed to a ship on the China station. He had got to this point when he broke off. 'There, Miss Aspern, the day is breaking. I am glad to say the mist is clearing off already; now we must look about and see if we can pick up a spar or two, or something to make our raft a rather more solid affair. We should be much more comfortable if we could stand up and move about a little. You see we are almost sitting in the water here; it did not matter as long as there was no chance of drying at all; but as soon as the sun gets up you must make an effort to get your things dry.'

'Shall we see the land?' she asked.

'No, we are too low in the water; but the position of the sun will show us where the land lies, and I shall set to work to try and get to shore in case we should not be picked up by one of the boats.' In the distance he saw some objects floating just above the line of the water, but they were too far off for him to attempt to swim for them. 'There is nothing to be seen that will help us much, Miss Aspern, so I shall take to the water.'

'I would much rather you stopped here,' she said nervously.

'I shall be close by, within six feet. I will take off my coat and waistcoat and shoes, and you must get to one side of the grating while I get to the other; then, when I slip off, I will hold it until you get to the middle again. You had better spread out your shawl to dry, and if you can manage to slip off some of your petticoats all the better; they will never dry all in a lump round you.'

Miss Aspern obeyed his instructions quietly, and in two or three minutes he was swimming and pushing the grating before him northwards.

'There is something floating in the water ahead,' she said presently. 'I think it is an oar.'

'Give me instructions which way to push,' he said. 'The oar will be very useful. I can scull her along with that when I get tired of swimming, and it will do to make a signal with if anything comes in sight.'

He swam for two hours, and then climbed on to the raft again, fastened his handkerchief through the grating and over the oar, and with it began to scull the raft along.

'It is very unsociable your sitting there with your back to me, Mr Winter,' Miss Aspern, who had now recovered her spirits, said, with a laugh; 'we are going a great deal faster now than when you were swimming.'

'Yes, I think we are. I did not expect to make

such good way with it; when I get a little more practice it will go faster still.'

As the sun rose and gained in power their clothes dried. 'I wish we had your torpedo-boat here for an hour,' she said.

'I wish we had, Miss Aspern. Still, slow and sure does it. I don't know much about the tides and currents here; but I do think that if there is nothing to throw us back we shan't be far from shore by nightfall. I think we are going through the water a knot and a half an hour; and as we have another twelve hours of daylight, we should certainly be close to land by that time.'

By noon Miss Aspern announced that she could see the land stretching away ahead; and then, looking back astern of them, she exclaimed, 'There is a black spot behind us. I am pretty sure it is a boat.'

'If you will sit down I shall stand up and have a look. Yes, it is a boat, sure enough, end on to us. I think it must be rowing in this direction. I expect they have been out to see if they could pick up any survivors where the ship went down, and are now rowing back to shore. I will fasten your shawl to the oar as a signal.'

In another ten minutes it was certain that the boat was pulling towards land, and that it would pass within half a mile of them.

'How far is she off now, Mr Winter?'

'About four miles, I should say.'

They were now close together on the middle of the raft, and sat down, as the grating was very unsteady when they stood up. The girl sat for some time in silence, her fingers playing nervously with her watch-chain. The young officer was no less nervous, though he did not show it. Again he wished, as he had done a score of times before, that his companion had been a penniless girl, when he would have known what to have said. As it was, he felt that his lips were sealed. If ever he were able to speak, it would certainly not be now. It would be ungenerous and ungentlemanly in the extreme to take advantage of the service he had rendered her.

'Well,' she said suddenly, 'what are we to say to mamma?'

'She will be so pleased to see you alive and well, Miss Aspern, that there won't be much to say.'

'Except that you saved my life, as you saved hers.'

'I shall always be happy in the thought that I was able to do so, Miss Aspern,' he said quietly.

'You are horrid,' she burst out. 'I call you downright mean. Do you want me to say anything else?'

He could not pretend to misunderstand her. 'It would not be fair or right to ask you to say anything else,' he said.

'Do you mean because of money?' she flashed out. 'What would it be to me now if it hadn't

been for you? Only tell me this: if you were rich now, and I were a penniless girl, would you have anything to say?'

'I don't think I should say it now, Miss Aspern. I hope I shouldn't. I should not like to have given me for gratitude what I should want given me for love.'

'You are very unfair,' she cried again; 'but I can't help it. If you won't ask me I must tell you I love you. I love you with all my heart—there!'

After that there was no occasion for further talk, till he said at last, 'I must put up the signal, or the boat will be passing us.'

A quarter of an hour later they were on board the boat, which was manned by the boatswain and four of the crew of the torpedo-boat. They had started immediately after reaching shore with the passengers, and had been rowing about for hours near the spot where they believed the ship had sunk. They had found floating objects, but no survivors, and having given up the search as hopeless, were returning to land when they made out the raft, and had just turned the boat's head in that direction when the signal was hoisted. Two hours later they were ashore. Fortunately, the spot where the boat landed was not far from the lighthouse, where the survivors from the steamer, fifty-two

souls out of three hundred and twenty, had already made their way.

'I am very glad to hear what Clemence has told me,' Mrs Aspern said when she came out of the lighthouse and joined Lieutenant Winter. 'Of course she would do as she liked; but I am so glad she has chosen some one that I shall like too. She has told me what you did for her, and you saved my life as well. Her father will be as glad as I am when I tell him all about it.'

Three days later a steamer was seen coming along the coast; the boat went out to cut her off, and before sunset the whole of the survivors of the *Manitoba* were on board, and some days afterwards were landed at Quebec. A telegram was despatched to Cincinnati, and Mr Aspern met the party at New York, where Lieutenant Winter had no reason to be dissatisfied with the hearty greeting of Mr Aspern after he had heard from his wife and daughter the events of the wreck. He returned in the first steamer to England, and stood his court-martial for the wreck of the torpedo-boat. He was honourably acquitted, and then sent in his application to be put on half-pay. After spending a few days with his family he again crossed the Atlantic, and now lives with his wife in a mansion on Madison Avenue, having a large sailing-yacht on the Sound, and a fast launch on the Hudson River, which has been christened *Torpedo-boat 240*.

MOSQUITOES AND THE SPREAD OF DISEASE.

BY A SOUTH AMERICAN SETTLER.



SYDNEY SMITH scarcely exaggerated when he described the plague of insects which is one of the great drawbacks of the tropics. Of all the insect pests which make life a burden in tropical countries, the first place must surely be given to the mosquito. It is true he is not confined to the torrid zone, although it is there that he is most plentiful and most troublesome. He is found in all latitudes, even within the arctic circle, for we are informed that in frozen Klondyke he is so ubiquitous during the short summer months that life in some parts is almost unendurable, and even animals are driven to the water to avoid his attacks.

The British Isles enjoy a happy immunity from mosquitoes, although they appeared in one district of London this summer, and they are to be found in the same latitudes east and west. This is perhaps to be attributed to the comparative coolness of our summers, and also to the fresh breezes which sweep across the islands from the Atlantic; for coolness and wind are alike unfavourable to the mosquito. There is, however, a gnat common in Britain which so closely resembles the mosquito as to be almost indistinguishable; there are, indeed, some who claim that he is no other than the true mosquito bereft

of his stinging powers owing to climatic conditions. We have several times seen newspaper paragraphs to the effect that the mosquito had been observed in some part of Britain; it was probably the gnat in question which had been taken for it.

The writer has made the acquaintance of mosquitoes in many parts of the world: in the swamps of Florida, the New Zealand bush, and in their native forests of tropical America; and though there are several varieties, they do not differ greatly in size, shape, or disposition. In New Zealand, it may be observed, as in many other islands of the Pacific, the mosquito was quite unknown prior to the advent of Europeans, and was doubtless introduced as an unwelcome passenger in some passing vessel; for, although the insects are rarely seen in the cabins or saloons of vessels (which are always well ventilated in warm weather), in the close atmosphere of the ship's hold they are frequently to be found in swarms.

We well remember one or two dreadful nights passed in the interior of South America, when we happened to have no mosquito-net with us. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there were more mosquitoes than air, for it was impossible to open one's mouth without capturing a few. Sleep was out of the question; and the hours of

torture seemed as if they would never end, until daylight brought welcome relief.

It is seldom, however, that mosquitoes are so plentiful as this. It is frequently possible to sleep in comfort, even within the tropics, without a mosquito-curtain; but where the insects are numerous these nets—made of muslin, or of a specially prepared fabric—are indispensable. On retiring in the evening any mosquitoes that may be inside are ejected, then the edges of the net are tucked under the mattress, and the remainder of the night can be passed in peace.

New arrivals in the tropics are most liable to the attacks of mosquitoes. It is said to be because their blood is thicker than that of an acclimatised individual; but it more probably is because, in course of time, the system becomes hardened or inoculated with the virus, and the bites of the insects are not felt to the same extent. In the daytime mosquitoes are seldom troublesome; but on the approach of the short tropical twilight they become active, and the ominous humming which betrays their presence soon makes itself heard. If a single mosquito is in the bedroom he will inevitably make the acquaintance of the sleeper before the night is far advanced. He seldom attacks his victim at once, but continues to circle round him, piping shrilly all the while; and there is no sound in nature more irritating than the piping of a mosquito. If the sufferer imagines for a moment that his tormentor has left him, he soon finds out his mistake, as with a vicious whoop he whizzes past his ears. He will continue to manœuvre in this fashion for several minutes, or it may be even half-an-hour; but the victim knows by experience that he will not leave till he has had his blood. At last he feels the sharp sting which informs him that the mosquito has applied the combined lancet and pump which he carries in his proboscis, and he gives himself a vicious slap in the face (the mosquito's favourite point of attack) in the vain hope of killing his tormentor. But the mosquito is far too nimble to be caught so easily, and only retreats for a moment, to renew the attack with increased vigour.

The sting of a mosquito is almost as sharp and painful as that of a bee; and it is also said that, like the female (or working) bee, it is only the female mosquito which stings.

Human blood is only a luxury, and not a necessity to the mosquito, for he is found in many places where the presence of man, or other large animals, is a rarity. His main article of diet appears to be vegetable juices or decaying vegetable matter; for if such be left in a suitable spot (such as the bottom of a barrel), it will be found to attract a large number of mosquitoes. They are specially fond of moist brown sugar or treacle.

The main requisites for the comfort of the mosquito are heat, moisture, shade, and a calm atmosphere. Where these conditions are united he will be found in abundance. He cannot

endure the slightest breeze, and in rooms which are well ventilated, and in which the air circulates freely in every corner, the insects are seldom numerous; while, on the contrary, in close, stuffy rooms they are generally plentiful.

One of the charges laid to the mosquito is that he acts as a medium for conveying infectious diseases from one person to another, as the result of his blood-sucking habits. It is said that yellow-fever can be easily spread in this way; if so, it might easily explain the ravages caused by the disease in tropical countries. No less an authority than Professor Koch, the eminent German bacteriologist, has stated it as a confirmed fact that the mosquito is instrumental in conveying the infection of malaria. This disease is known to be caused by a parasitic protozoon which inhabits the red corpuscles of the blood, and mosquitoes are said to be the most fertile source of contagion. There would seem, therefore, to be some truth in the saying, common in tropical countries, 'No mosquitoes, no ague.' In an article in *Knowledge* (March 1, 1899) Mr P. H. Grimshaw gives some account of the researches of Professors Grassi and Bignami into the question of the spread of disease by means of mosquitoes. Grassi found three species of gnat or true mosquito which must be regarded with suspicion. *Culex pipiens*, which is half-an-inch long, and which announces its presence by a peculiar piping sound, he acquits as harmless. *Anopheles claviger* Grassi calls the 'spy' of malaria, and he confirms its connection with its spread in Lombardy, Tuscany, and the Roman Campagna. *Culex penicillaris* and *Culex malariae* he regards with more than suspicion. It appears, however, that in order to produce fever in a healthy person by the bite of the mosquito the insect must previously have bitten some one who has been stricken with illness. Professor Grassi believes, however, that mosquitoes are probably the only means of spreading the disease.

Not long ago Major Ronald Ross, head of the Malarial Mission, which left Liverpool on 29th July, sent home this cablegram from Sierra Leone, West Africa: 'Malarial mosquito found. Ask Government to send at once men.' The theory of Major Ross, which is similar to that of Professor Grassi, is that malaria is disseminated by a particular kind of mosquito, which frequents malarial swamps and, laden with poisonous germs, injects them into the human body with the sting. Before leaving Liverpool, Major Ross explained that the efforts of the expedition, which was sent out by the Liverpool School of Tropical Diseases, would be mainly directed to find the mosquito in question. Mr Jones, one of the organisers of the Liverpool Tropical School, who received the cablegram, at once apprised Mr Chamberlain of the discovery. A representative medical man was afterwards sent to assist in the further prosecution of the researches.

The South American Indians utilise the services

of the mosquito. One of their favourite articles of food is the armadillo, a species of large tortoise. This animal, as its name indicates, is covered with a thick coat of armour; but, like Achilles of old, it has certain vulnerable points, as the mosquito knows by experience, for he enters his burrow to pursue his parasitic calling. When hunting for armadillos the Indian thrusts a stick into the animal's burrow, and if a cloud of mosquitoes emerge he knows that the animal is at home, and proceeds to dig him out. On the other hand, if few or no mosquitoes are found in the hole the Indian knows it is a waste of time to wait any longer, and proceeds to investigate the next burrow.

We have heard of the mosquito being utilised in another way. A West Indian planter who was much troubled with unwelcome visitors hit on the following mode of getting rid of them. His house was much infested with the insects, and every bed was fitted with a mosquito-curtain. In one of the rooms was a netting such as is frequently sold by outfitters in England to the unsophisticated traveller, in which the meshes are too large to prevent the ingress of mosquitoes,

which pass freely in and out, like sprats through the meshes of a fisherman's net. This room was reserved for the use of troublesome guests, whose stay was in consequence generally short and their departure abrupt.

We ourselves remember one instance in which the mosquito befriended us—involuntarily, of course. When living in a tropical part of South America we were in the habit of receiving a bundle of newspapers by every mail from England. The papers were frequently delayed in transit; we discovered the cause one day when, on opening a magazine, a dead mosquito was found flattened between the leaves. It clearly could not have got there before the magazine left England; it was evident, therefore, that somebody was in the habit of opening and reading our mail matter *en route*. This little incident helped us to trace the culprit, and to receive our papers more promptly in future.

There is, we believe, no effectual remedy for mosquitoes. It is said that they have a dislike to the smell of eucalyptus, and that a few of those trees planted round a house will keep them away; but we have never had an opportunity of testing this remedy.

YAGAN, 'THE AUSTRALIAN WALLACE.'



HE early colonists of Western Australia had met with a peaceful reception from the aborigines of the Swan River Settlement. Their intrusion was, in fact, regarded by the swarthy blacks with supreme indifference. Some, from primitive curiosity, approached and examined with refresh the raiment and vestures of civilisation; while others fled from the white man's presence, declaring, in their jabbering dialect, that the invaders were their forefathers come to life again. This superstitious dread was sufficient to keep the tribe at a safe distance in the bush.

The settlers had endeavoured to show every kindness to the aborigines, on the score of diplomacy as well as humanity. Trinkets and various ornaments, food and multi-coloured apparel, were meted out liberally to the tribe, to conciliate their good wishes and preserve them in their inoffensive attitude.

But the reign of general amity was soon to be broken; and the cause, pitiable to relate, must be laid at the door of the pioneers of civilisation. A few nefarious deeds by contemptible settlers kindled the fire of sedition in the settlement, and provoked the wrath and just resentment of the innocent aborigines.

One day a labourer, who had recently migrated to this quarter from Tasmania, was proceeding through the bush with a friend of a cognate disposition, when some natives were spied in

the distance. A few yards from the *wurly* (native tent) a black woman was innocently playing with her little child, to the great amusement of the camp. 'Confound those black trash!' he said. 'I'll show you how we treat them in Van Diemen's Land.' With this he levelled his gun at the harmless woman and shot her dead. The terrified natives fled with pitiful yells from the scene of the murder. This foul and impious deed was not destined, however, to remain unpunished. Though the act was condemned by the community as a cold-blooded murder, they never expected retaliation, or that vengeance would recoil on their heads. The murderer was, however, to receive justice from the outraged blacks.

During those years of hostile encroachment on aboriginal territory there was one man whose spirit burned with ire at the injustice of the men who were robbing his people of their lands and lawful possessions. Yagan, the chief of the Koombana tribe, was a man of Herculean stature, of enormous physical strength and courage, and chivalrous and daring to a degree that excited the affection and dread of every homestead. His followers feared and worshipped him. In the hunt, in love, and in war this valiant chief had no rival. He was proud of his native home, and, with the patriotism of a Wallace, was ready to spill his last drop of blood in her defence.

Yagan had suffered the settlers to till and develop their lands in peace. Where kindness

was shown he had returned it liberally, and many a colonist was indebted to him for his good services to them in distress. To women he was particularly chivalrous, and oftentimes did he carry to their homes dainty fish and the flesh of the kangaroo. His magnanimity was admired; he was extremely sensitive, and the community took every precaution to avoid giving him offence, for when roused to anger his appearance was such as to create alarm for those at whom his wrath was directed.

When the tragic news of the woman's murder was brought to Yagan his anger knew no bounds. Summoning his tribesmen to a conference, he harangued them with the full might of martial eloquence. From that night Yagan was destined to be the relentless foe of the colonists.

Choosing two of his most trustworthy tribesmen, he sallied forth from the camp in search of the delinquent. The Tasmanian's whereabouts had been ascertained, and by taking a wide circuit Yagan could make a descent on him from an unseen point in the rear of the house. The sportive murderer and a hired labourer, John Hope by name, were busy working in their master's garden, when suddenly the latter raised his head and descried three natives in warlike array within fifty yards from the spot on which they were working. Quickly informing his companion of the suspicious fact, he and his fellow-servant hurriedly deliberated on the best course to be adopted. To get back to their axes they would have to face a row of deadly spears, while the river in front was a great barrier to their flight. The latter alternative had to be adopted, and, throwing down their spades, they made off with all speed to the river, closely pursued by the fleet Yagan. The race of death was hard and short. Reaching a spot where a fallen tree did duty for a bridge, the two fugitives proceeded to rush across the uncertain log. From incessant rain the primitive bridge had become slippery, and when midway across, the Tasmanian slipped and fell into the deep, rushing river. His end had come. A shower of spears from the unerring hand of Yagan settled his frantic struggles in the stream, while Hope was only spared to gain the opposite bank. Vengeance having thus been doubly exacted, the natives quickly retraced their steps into the interminable bush.

The farmer on returning home was full of anxiety about the absence of his servants. When they did not return in the morning his suspicions were aroused, and he commenced a search. To his horror and regret, he found their mangled remains beside the ill-fated log, transfixed with numerous spears. The agency that had procured their death was only too obvious, and, with hastened steps, he went to the capital to report the murder. As for Tasmanian Jim, the farmer had always feared that justice would overtake him; but the innocence of his comrade

in death filled him with resentment. The authorities issued orders for the arrest of Yagan, who was suspected on the grounds of a conversation he had had with a settler a few hours before the commission of the audacious act of vengeance. But where was the relentless and retaliatory chief to be found?

A company of red-coated dragoons, under the command of a skilful officer, scoured the surrounding country for Yagan and his confederates; but their mission was difficult and perilous. Midgegooroo, an old man, alone was captured, and conveyed by the soldiers to the commanding officer. Despite his loud lamentations, he was escorted to the jail at Fremantle to be treated as an example for the benefit of those who should deliberately destroy the life and property of settlers. As an arch-accomplice of the rebel Yagan he was ordered to be shot by the dragoons, as a wholesome warning to his tribe. The day on which the sentence was put into execution Yagan was, unknown to the authorities, in the vicinity of the prison, and beheld the grim despatch of his friend. Yagan marked the destroyers well. In his wrath and vexation, he resolved to await alone near the scene of the execution, and fulfil the promise to which he was pledged. Night stole on, yet the hungry chief forsook not his hiding-place. He knew well that his life was in the direst peril; but what mattered that to one so bold in facing death? As the last streaks of twilight were fading into night Yagan crept closer to the prison wall. He heard the gay laugh of the soldiers as they descended the narrow path leading to the village. Two soldiers in uniform passed within a dozen yards of the spot where Yagan lay. Gently raising his head to scan their countenances, he saw one of the slayers of his friend. Allowing them to walk a few yards in advance, he jumped to his feet, poised his spear, and hurled it at his victim. A terrific and death-sounding shout rent the air, and a comrade beheld his brother-soldier fall to the earth pierced through the heart by a spear. Quickly recovering his senses, after the startlingly sudden assault, he levelled his rifle at the quarter from where the deadly weapon must have issued; but no human being was visible. Yagan, with his remarkable fleetness of limb, had once more dived into the bush, and was soon safe from all pursuit.

While an expedition was busy scanning every nook and corner of the forest in search of him, leagues away from the capital, Yagan, with unparalleled audacity, entered a settler's house in Perth and demanded food. On obtaining his request he politely thanked the inmates, and told them that he would bring them fish in return for their kindness. The family recognised Yagan, but were too much afraid of his vengeance to betray his visit to the constabulary.

Many other colonists knew of the outlaw's whereabouts, but they were loath to betray a stranger to law and civilised order. They had found him exceedingly courteous, gentle, and generous in all his dealings with them, and they admired his straightforward character and his unfailing magnanimity. Yet they feared his wrath and vengeance; and, while they would willingly have had him secured, they hesitated to convert their desires into responsible action. There was something in the daring of the guileless warrior-chief that defied the ignominious thought of treachery.

Despite Yagan's successful endeavours to elude straightforward search, he was, nevertheless, led into a very clever trap. Five occupants of a boat were engaged fishing on the river, and Yagan, with one of his known accomplices, was indulging in the same pastime on the bank. Friendly conversation passed between the shore and the boat, and the two natives were induced to come on board and enjoy the luxury of a cruise. Unsuspicious of any ulterior intent, the natives accepted the invitation gladly, and on the boat coming alongside they sprang on board with great glee. The boat was immediately rowed out to midstream; and while the attention of the natives was forcibly drawn to a large fish near the surface, agile hands quickly seized and bound them fast with ropes. Had the chance been less favourable and their motions less smart it is possible that Yagan would have given them a splendid opportunity for swimming exercise. The victors were aware of the magnitude of their achievement, and with no little self-satisfaction they disembarked their pinioned prisoners and marched them to the capital.

The news of the capture quickly spread, and the citizens felt not a little relieved. The captives were lodged in Fremantle prison under double lock and key and an additional array of warders.

There was a division of opinion among the Government authorities as to the sentence that should be imposed on the law-breakers. By their former edict they had outlawed Yagan and granted liberty to any one to shoot him; but since that promulgation they had, after further inquiry, changed their views about the nature of his punishment. It was decided, on the score of his many excellent qualities, to spare his life, and subject him to a term of close imprisonment on Carnac Island. A Crown official, who had evinced unusual interest in Yagan's case, undertook to accompany the prisoners to their destination, and teach them the new lessons of morality and civilisation. His offer was accepted, and on the following day the prisoners, accompanied by their ethical tutor and two fully-armed warders, were rowed across to the barren, desolate shore of Carnac.

Weeks flew by, and the zealous reformer kept

unflaggingly to his self-imposed task of educating the savages. From time to time he despatched favourable reports to the Government on the moral and mental improvement of his students. He had taught them useful arts, and a commendable specimen of the carpenter's handiwork in the form of a well-built bungalow for the reformer proved in some measure the success of his tuition. Each day he marked with satisfaction an improvement in their mental organisation, and he prophesied that within a year he would have them transformed into respectable members of society. After repeated questioning, moreover, he was convinced that they were happier under their new régime, and had no further wish to return to their primitive life and customs.

One day, however, a boat had been accidentally left on the beach, and afforded a splendid opportunity to the natives for carrying out a purpose they had long agreed upon. It was a sultry afternoon, and the reformer had betaken himself to his couch for a siesta. The warders, who were continually grumbling at their monotonous surroundings, had strayed to a distant part of the island to catch sharks. This favourite amusement helped to 'fill in' the day for the discontented guardians. Everything was at hand, with the exception of the rowlocks, which were usually kept in the dining-room of the bungalow; Yagan crept into the room where the reformer slept, and cautiously removed them from the cupboard. With all haste the two fugitives pushed off the boat, and before it was known that they had gone the prisoners were well across the channel.

The voyage across did not attract the notice of the Fremantle authorities, though it was made within full view of the prison. Yagan steered his course for a point at a considerable distance from the port, where he knew there would be none present to prevent his retreat into the woods. On gaining the shore the natives pulled up their craft, and, after a hurried survey of the neighbourhood, darted forth at a quick pace into the friendly bush. Free once more, with nimble steps they made for their old haunts on the Swan River.

The following day a fishing-boat was attracted to Carnac by repeated signalling of sheets and firing of guns. The occupants, surmising that something was amiss, responded to the summons and rowed to the jetty. Here they received the first intimation of Yagan's escape. The three solitary inhabitants of the island, who had no boat left to enable them to proceed to the mainland and report, then embarked, and were ferried across to Fremantle with all speed. The superintendent of Yagan's incarceration related the unfortunate tidings to the governor of the jail, and laid marked emphasis on the warders' absence and their guilt. Information was immediately carried to the constabulary, and the search was renewed. Like former expeditions, it was doomed

to inevitable failure. The area was too wide and the forest too dense with scrub and undergrowth to permit of systematic and successful search. While the hunters were busy tracking secret paths in the interior, the game was in the village from which they had set out.

When all hope of laying hands on Yagan was beginning to vanish from men's minds, the Attorney-General of that time was surprised by a visit from the chief, who was on this occasion attended by two of his most powerful followers. It was truly an unpleasant situation for the representative of law. The Crown official, who was more than any one concerned with Yagan's rebellious conduct, and whose duty it was to apprehend the fugitive, was enjoying a few hours of relaxation in his garden. The natives had approached so silently that he was unaware of their presence till Yagan touched him lightly on the shoulder as he was bending to plant his vegetables. Apprised thus, he turned suddenly round to find himself confronted with blackskins and a deadly array of spears. A tumultuous conflict of ideas passed through the lawyer's mind as he stood surveying his uninvited guests. Yagan looked sullen and gloomy, and his face betrayed hostile designs. As if in constant anticipation of treachery, his spear, of exquisite finish and exceedingly sharp-pointed, was poised. Well did the lawyer appreciate the danger that threatened his life, for the part he had taken in his capacity as the prosecutor for the Crown in bringing about Midgegooroo's death was known to the chief. Helpless in their hands, he apathetically, though stoically, resigned himself to whatever fate the outcome of this meeting should bring about.

Yagan's reassuring manner set the lawyer's fears at rest. Approaching the learned official, Yagan laid one hand gently and familiarly on his shoulder, while with the other he gesticulated, to give emphasis to his speech. Strong and fervid patriotism burned beneath each disjointed syllable of the narrative.

'White man, take black man's home and food; white man hunts him to bush; black man do white man no wrong, yet white man shoots all black man. Why should white man treat us so?'

There was an earnestness and a truth in these simple sentences that carried home conviction to the listener's mind. The colonists were to blame for the retaliation, for it was they who began the murder of the innocent aborigines. Yagan continued his reflections:

'White man shoot black man. Yagan (s)pear two.'

'If Yagan,' replied the lawyer, 'spear white man, all white men will shoot Yagan.'

'Yagan fear no white man. White man shoot; Yagan kill.'

Seeing that it was dangerous to remonstrate

with the barbarous views so forcibly held and expressed by the native chief, the intelligent official thought it wise to leave his arguments and intentions unanswered. To his immense relief, however, Yagan, evidently fearing he had delayed long enough in hostile territory, took leave of his host, and departed with his retinue.

About a month after this latest episode in Yagan's outlawed career, several natives were convicted of having stolen goods from a Fremantle store, and were brought up for sentence. One, more unfortunate than his brother criminals, was accused on a second charge of incendiarism, and sentenced, on his guilt being established, to be shot. It was never known by what means information of this capital sentence was conveyed to Yagan. The Government, too, never dreamt that the rebel would again dare to question its right by reprisal. A cruel deception immediately followed.

The solemn threat of the chief in the lawyer's garden at Guildford was too surely fulfilled: 'White man shoot black man; Yagan (s)pear two.' Though on former occasions the successful avenger had directed vengeance at the guilty culprits, it was not necessary, according to the spirit of their primeval law, to search out the actual agent for adequate punishment. Their conscience was satisfied and their wrath appeased on the spearing of any one of the tribe or race to which the delinquent belonged. On this particular occasion it was impossible for the chief to ascertain who was responsible for his tribesman's death; but special ignorance on this head did not prevent retribution at his hands. Regardless of capture or danger, Yagan hastened with two of his confederates to the confines of Perth. While in secret hiding here, a native messenger who had, for his own edification, witnessed the execution of the native, related to the chief the sad events of his death. The lurid picture fired his ire and stimulated bloody revenge. Next morning, as the citizens of Perth were bestirring themselves, a messenger rode in to the governor at breakneck speed. An unusual spectacle like this aroused their curiosity. Its meaning was soon divulged. Two farm-labourers in the employment of a farmer named Philipps had been speared in their cart as they were returning home to the farm. Seventeen spear-wounds were found on their mangled remains. The following account of the tragic incident and its authorship was given by Philipps himself:

'As our team was making its way towards Dargeeling I was surprised by a speedy visit from Yagan and two of his followers, who darted from out the bush, and confronted me in a most disagreeably hostile fashion. The outlaw looked uncommonly grave and sullen, and the fierce glare that flitted with amazing rapidity across his eyes gave convincing signs that he was bent on mischief. Many a time have I met the gallant and courteous native, but never under so

inauspicious circumstances. His old cordiality had somehow frozen into icy coldness, and his greetings were short, severe, and abrupt.

"Yagan," I remarked, "you look extremely fierce and unfriendly," at the same time pointing to his agitated features. To this remark he made no reply, but, coming nearer me, asked in a nervous undertone where the men were. "They're some way behind; but what do you want with them? Come up with me to the house and get some meat." "Nulla, nulla; tanke" ("No, no; thanks"), he replied; "I want John see." Before I could utter another syllable the three disappeared quickly into the bush. I sat ruminating over this extraordinary meeting, and endeavoured in vain to divine the reason for Yagan's present hostility.

The whole household had lived on the best terms with the brave chief; and no one, as far as he knew, was guilty of any cruelty or unkindness to the blacks. He forgot that John had stolen one of the native women, and had seriously wounded her husband in his successful abduction.

The more I pondered the more the conclusion was forced upon me that Yagan had sinister designs on their lives, whatever his motive for the assault might be. I stopped my horses and listened. Not a sound could I hear in the awful stillness of the bush. I feared something must be amiss, as their team ought by this time to have come up to where I was. They could not have been more than a mile away from me at the time Yagan presented himself so unceremoniously. My suspicions aroused, I walked briskly back in their direction, and when I had proceeded a few hundred yards I heard sounds of heavy groaning. A gruesome picture loomed up before my vision, and I ran as one demented. Reaching the fatal scene, I nearly fainted on beholding the horrible spectacle. James Neil I came across first, lying stretched on a plot of grass amid a pool of blood. I raised him, spoke to him, entreated him to speak; but, alas! life had fled beyond recall. Deep moaning from the other side of the road flashed the happy intelligence of life. Running to the aid of the wounded man, I found him writhing in the greatest agony; but my efforts were unavailing. He expired in my arms with the name of Yagan on his lips. Dazed, furious, and sad, I sat down, and for several moments was lost in bitter thought. Nothing that I could do could restore their precious lives. With tender care, and amid the solemn hush of the eternal forest, I laid the two bodies side by side and spread over them the cart rug. With eyes bedimmed, I departed to gain assistance; and within a few hours the remains were removed. I kept wondering why Yagan had selected them for his victims and spared me, who was alone and unprotected.

A perfect storm of indignation swept the little

capital on the receipt of the news of the double tragedy. Settlers met in small groups and discussed the grievous incident. Their wrath at this diabolical outrage was inexpressible. Yagan could no longer expect mercy. The Government was in a state of great anxiety, and offered a sum of five hundred pounds for Yagan's head, dead or alive. It was now determined to get rid of this pest at whatever cost. There could be no security as long as this notorious cut-throat was allowed to go at large. Voluntary expeditions were got up for the capture of the outlaw. Policemen were detached in companies to search the neighbouring woods. But the end of this untamed actor was not to be reached by straightforward means. It was left for the old application of treachery to realise this desirable goal. His death was compassed by a method that was soon after to be condemned as unworthy of civilisation.

Two boys named James and John Lewis, of whom Yagan was extremely fond, tempted by the reward of five hundred pounds offered by the Government to any one who would shoot him, invited the native chief to dinner one day on the outskirts of their farm. They were prevented from accomplishing their treacherous act the first day. Yagan enjoyed himself with the boys, and as they rose to go invited them to come to a repast in his camp on the day following. During the meal given them by the chief, as Yagan rose to refill James's plate, John, the younger lad, levelled his gun and shot the chief through the head. The warrior-chief fell dead.

When the boys saw the result of their terrible crime they fled in great terror and dismay. But vengeance quickly dogged their steps. A few of Yagan's followers, who never went far from their beloved chief's side, heard the report of the gun, and at once ran towards the camp. There they found their noble master stretched in the cold clasp of death. With fiendish yells they pursued the guilty youths, and came up with the younger at the bank of the river. A volley of spears whistled through the air, and when James looked behind he beheld several natives driving their spears through his brother's body. No share in the spoil would the unfortunate and misguided youth now claim; his reward for cold-blooded treachery was other than his sanguine hopes had expected. The surviving brother reached the farm in safety, and reported the death of Yagan and his brother. The reward was paid the following week; but pressure was brought to bear on him, and he left the colony forthwith. The whole community was horrified at the unparalleled treachery and deceit of the boys; and instead of praise their action elicited strong condemnation from the local press. Thus ended the life of a patriot so honest and generous that he had not even withheld a share of his scanty repast from the hand that slew him.

A MODERN STAGE-COACH.



HE coaching days are done. The railway has killed them. Where now the romance of a journey, with the risk of being 'held up' by the way? Gone for ever.

Yet there are still a few coach-drives in different parts of the country, perhaps as much for the novelty of the idea as anything else.

Such an one, taking the better part of a day, is the interesting drive from London to Brighton; and, on a smaller scale, that from Birmingham to Coventry. It was our good fortune recently to enjoy the latter drive; not that we were unable to go to Coventry by rail. Not at all. We could easily have done that, there being a very convenient train-service; but we were desirous of precipitating ourselves, if we could, into the stage-coach days, forgetting for the moment that we were staying at the *Station Hotel*, and that there was such a thing as the mighty locomotive carrying its train of carriages at the rate of sixty miles an hour. So to the *Grand Hotel* we hied, to get a coach-ticket, a quarter of an hour before the start. 'Was there a vacant place?' we humbly asked, thinking, in our innocence, that all seats might possibly be taken up. 'There are not any taken yet, sir.' 'Oh!' we answer. 'We believe in plenty of room, but something less than the whole coach will suit us.' As it happened—and a very exceptional thing, we understand—we were the only passenger; and, punctually at a quarter past eleven, with crack of whip and blare of horn, we started on our trip from the door of the 'Grand.'

There is nothing in the 'Grand' to remind you of the old coaching days; a most modern up-to-date hotel, upholstered in the most luxurious fashion. But even this gives some interest to the drive; for, as you proceed on your journey from this hotel and modern Birmingham to quaint old Coventry and the six-hundred-year-old inn at which you are set down, you seem to be travelling back through the centuries. For the first few miles the route is from the centre to the circumference of the Midland capital. Attention is directed to us by the continual blowing of the horn, and all eyes are turned our way. Whether our guard has read the Scripture, 'Do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do,' we know not, but he evidently disregards it. Of course, we sit with stolid countenance, cigar in mouth, as if it were quite an ordinary occurrence being the observed of all observers; and thus we sweep on through the long suburbs, rising gradually from the lower slums to the genteeler terraces, till, on the outskirts of the city, as we come to the villas of the higher middle-class, garden framed, looking pictures

of comfort and moderate luxury, one is put in mind of the suburbs of London, only on a smaller scale—a municipal spider-web, but not quite so large as that of the great Metropolis, yet of a respectable size. The great Scotch romancer is honoured as we pass out of Birmingham by the Waverley Road, containing one of our modern palatial Board schools—this one, we believe, devoted entirely to more advanced pupils—past the picturesque village of Yardley, about five miles from the city, and change horses at the 'Three Horse-Shoes' at Sheldon, six miles on our way.

All old inns are those we pass on the road, which but a few years ago were crumbling to decay; gone are their palmy days when the London coach used to pass—for we are now on the London coach road. The cycle has, however, given these old inns a new lease of life, and every one of them has awakened as from a death-sleep, donned new robes, and decked itself with modern adornments; and now no more inviting hosteleries are to be found anywhere.

This road, let us say in passing, is a very paradise for cyclists—long, smooth, straight, without inclines; an inn every couple of miles, where everything can be had. What more is wanted? On high days and holidays the ground is literally covered by the wheel.

Horses changed, on again through a beautiful Warwick country, smiling fields on every side; no hills to interrupt the view, and the eye can range for miles in any direction. On the right of the road we have a splendid game-preserve, and a little farther on a great fox-hunting country. Passing the hamlet of Stonebridge we reach the picturesque village of Meriden, said to be the very centre of England, an old weather-worn cross marking the spot. Here we again change horses for the final stage of our journey, and, passing the village of Allesley, with another final flourish of trumpet we sweep into the ancient city of Coventry, and are plumped down at the 'Craven Arms,' formerly the 'White Bear,' an inn at which the old London coach changed horses. This inn is said to be six hundred years old, and has a romantic history. Many strange sights it has seen that the pen of a Fielding would have revelled in. It was rebuilt at the beginning of the century, although the stables date back to Elizabethan times. 'Mine host' is in evidence, and welcomes his visitors, delighted to give them any information in his power. With sharpened appetite we sit down to luncheon, as visions of Earl Leofric, Countess Godiva, and Peeping Tom pass before our eyes; and in the after-noon these are strangely mingled with bicycles, tricycles, and motor-cars, as if it were not on a horse but a machine that the Countess was obliged to take her unwelcome ride.

THE STORY OF AN ORCHID.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

By FREDERICK BOYLE, Author of *Camp Notes*, &c.

HERE are those who pronounce *Vanda Sanderiana* the stateliest of all orchids. To compare such numberless and varied forms of beauty is rather childish. But it will be allowed that a first view of those enormous flowers, ten or more upon a stalk—lilac above, pale-cinnamon below, covered with a network of crimson lines—is a memorable sensation for the elect.

We may fancy the emotions of Mr Roebelin on seeing it: the earliest of articulate mortals so favoured. His amazement and delight were not alloyed by anticipation, for no rumour of the marvel had gone forth. Roebelin was travelling 'on spec' for once. In 1879 Mr Sander learned that the Philippine Government was about to establish a mail service from Manila to Mindanao. Often had he surveyed that great island longingly, from his arm-chair at St Albans, assured that treasures must await the botanist there. But although the Spaniards had long held settlements upon the coast, and, of course, claimed sovereignty over the whole, there had hitherto been no regular means of communication with a port whence steamers sailed for Europe. A collector would be at the mercy of chance for transmitting his spoil, after spending assuredly a thousand pounds. It was out of the question. But the establishment of a line of steamers to Manila transformed the situation. Forthwith Roebelin was despatched, to find what he could.

He landed, of course, at the capital, Mindanao; and the Spaniards—civil, military, even ecclesiastic—received him cordially. Any visitor was no less than a phenomenon to them. It is a gay and pleasant little town, for these people, having neither means nor opportunity, as a rule, to revisit Europe, make their home in the East. And Roebelin found plenty of good things round the glorious bay of Illana. But he learned with surprise that the Spaniards did not even profess to have authority beyond a narrow strip here and there upon the coast. The interior is occupied by savages, numerous and warlike, Papuan by race, or crossed with the Philippine Malay. Though they are not systematically hostile to white men, Roebelin saw no chance of exploring the country.

Then he heard of a 'red *Phalaenopsis*' on the north coast, a legendary wonder, which must have its own chronicle by-and-by. Seduced especially by this report, Roebelin sailed in a native craft to Surigao, a small but very thriving settlement, which ranks next to the capital. People

there were well acquainted with *Phalaenopsis*, but they knew nothing of a red one; some of them, however, talked in vague ecstasy of an orchid with flowers as big as a dinner-plate to be found on the banks of Lake Magindanao, a vast sheet of water in the middle of the island. They did not agree about the shape, or colour, or anything else relating to it; but such a plant must be well worth collecting anyhow. It was not dangerous to ascend the river, under due precautions, nor to land at certain points of the lake. Such points are inhabited by the Subano tribe, who live in hourly peril from their neighbours the Bagabos, against whom they beg Spanish protection. Accordingly, white men are received with enthusiasm.

The expedition, therefore, would be comparatively safe, if a guide and interpreter could be found. And here Roebelin was lucky. A small trader who had debts to collect among the Subanos offered his *sampan*, with its crew, on reasonable terms, and proposed to go himself. He was the son of a Chinaman from Singapore, by a native wife, and spoke intelligible English. The crew also had mostly some Chinese blood, and Roebelin gathered that they were partners of Sam Choon, his dragoman, in a very small way. The number of Celestials and half-breeds of that stock in Mindanao had already struck him, in comparison with Manila. Presently he learned the reason. The energetic and tenacious Chinaman is hated by all classes of Spaniards—by the clergy because he will not be converted, by the merchants because he intercepts their trade, by the military because he will not endure unlimited oppression, and by the public at large because he is hard-working, thrifty, and successful. He is dangerous, too, when roused by ill-treatment beyond the common, and his secret societies provide machinery for insurrection at a day's notice. But in Mindanao the Chinaman is indispensable. White traders could not live without his assistance. They do not love him the better, but they protect him so far as they may from the priests and the military.

I have no adventures to tell on the journey upwards. It lasted a good many days. Roebelin secured few plants, for this part is inhabited by Bagabos, or some race of their kidney, and Sam Choon would not land in the forest.

At length they reached Lake Magindanao; the day was fine, and they pushed across. But presently small round clouds began to mount over the blue hills. Thicker and thicker they rose. A pleasant wind swelled the surface of the lake, but those clouds far above moved continually faster. Roe-

belin called attention to them. But the Chinaman is the least weatherwise of mortals. Always intent on his own business or pleasure—the constitution of mind which gives him such immense advantage above all other men in the struggle for existence—he does not notice his surroundings much. Briefly, a tremendous squall caught them in sight of port—one of those sudden outbursts which make fresh-water sailing so perilous in the tropics. The wind swooped down like a hurricane from every quarter at once, as it seemed. For a moment the lake lay still, hissing, beaten down by the blow; then it rose in solid bulk like waves of the ocean. In a very few minutes the squall passed on, but it had swamped the *sampan*. They were so near the land, however, that the Subanos, hastening to the rescue, met them half-way in the surf, escorted them to shore, laughing and hallooing, and returned to dive for the cargo. It was mostly recovered in time.

These people do not build houses in the water, like so many of their kin. They prefer the safety of high trees; it is not by any means so effectual, but such, they would say, was the custom of their ancestors. At this village the houses were perched not less than fifty feet in air, standing on a solid platform. But if the inhabitants are thus secured against attack, on the other hand—each family living by itself up aloft—an enemy on the ground would be free to conduct his operations at leisure. So the unmarried men and a proportion of the warriors occupy a stout building raised only so far above the soil as to keep out reptiles. Here also the chief sits by day, and public business is done. The visitors were taken thither.

When Roebelin had dried his clothes the afternoon was too far advanced for exploration. The crew of the *prau* chattered and disputed at the top of their shrill voices as case after case was brought in, dripping, and examined. But Sam Choon found time in the midst of his anxieties to warn Roebelin against quitting the cleared area. 'Bagabos come just now, they say,' he shouted. But the noise and the fuss and the smell were past bearing. Roebelin took his arms and strolled out till supper was ready.

I do not know what he discovered. On returning he found a serious palaver, the savages arguing coolly, the Chinamen raving. Sam Choon rushed up, begging him to act as umpire; and whilst eating his supper Roebelin learned the question in dispute. Sam Choon, as we know, had debts to collect in this village, for cloth and European goods, to be paid in jungle produce—honey, wax, gums, and so forth. The Subanos did not deny their liability—the natural man is absolutely truthful and honest. Nor did they assert that they could not pay. Their contention was simply that the merchandise had been charged

at a figure beyond the market rate. Another Chinaman had paid them a visit, and sold the same wares at a lower price. They proposed to return Sam Choon's goods unused, and to pay for anything they could not restore on this reduced scale. It was perfectly just in the abstract, and the natural man does not conceive any other sort of justice. Sam Choon could not dispute that his rival's cloth was equally good; it bore the same trade-mark, and those keen eyes were as well able to judge of quality as his own. But the trader everywhere has his own code of morals. Those articles for which the Subanos were indebted had been examined, and the price had been discussed at leisure; an honest man cannot break his word. Such diverse views were not to be reconciled. Roebelin took a practical course. He asked whether it could possibly be worth while to quarrel with these customers for the sake of a very few dollars? At the lower rate there would be a profit of many hundreds per cent. But the Chinaman, threatened with a loss in business, is not to be moved, for a while at least, by demonstrations of prudence.

Meantime the dispute still raged at the council fire, for the crew also were interested. Suddenly there was a roar. Several of them rushed across to Sam Choon and shouted great news. Roebelin understood afterwards. The caitiff who had undersold them was in the village at that moment! Whilst they jabbered in high excitement another roar burst out. One of the men, handling the rival's cloth, found a private mark—the mark of his *Hoey*. And it was that to which they all belonged. The *Hoey* may be described as a trade guild; but it is much more. Each of these countless associations is attached to one of the great secret societies, generally the T'ien T'i Hung, compared with which, for numbers and power, Freemasonry is but a small concern. By an oath which expressly names father, son, and brother, the initiated swear to kill any of their fellows who shall wrong a member of the *Hoey*. This unspeakable villain who sold cheap had wronged them all! He must die!

They pressed upon the chief in a body, demanding the traitor. All had arms and brandished them. Probably the savages would not have surrendered a guest on any terms; but this demonstration provoked them. In howling tumult they dispersed, seized their ready weapons, and formed line. The war-cry was not yet raised, but spears were levelled by furious hands. The issue depended on any chance movement. Suddenly from a distance came the blast of a cow-horn—a muffled bellow, but full of threat. The savages paused, turned, and rushed out, shouting. Roebelin caught a word, familiar by this time—'Bagabos.' He followed; but Sam Choon seized his arm. 'They put *ranjones*,' he said breathlessly. 'You cut foot, you die!' And in the

moonlight Roebelin saw boys running hither and thither with an armful of bamboo spikes sharp as knives at each end, which they drove into the earth.

Men unacquainted with the plan of this defence can only stand aside when *ranjows* are laid down. Roebelin waited with the Chinamen, tame and quiet enough now. The Subanos had all vanished in the forest, which rose, misty and still, across the clearing. Hours they watched, expecting each moment to hear the yell of savage fight. But no sound reached them. At length a long line of dusky figures emerged, with arms and ornaments sparkling in the moonlight. It was half the warriors returning.

They still showed sullenness towards the Chinamen; but the chief took Roebelin by the hand, led him to the foot of a tree upon which stood the largest house, and smilingly showed him the way up. It was not a pleasant climb. The ladder, a notched trunk, dripped with dew; it was old and rotten besides. Roebelin went up gingerly; the chief returned with a torch to light his steps before he had got half-way. But the interior was comfortable enough; far above the mosquito realm anyhow. Roebelin felt that an indefinite number of eyes were watching from the darkness as he made his simple preparations for turning in; but he saw none of them, and heard only a rustling. 'What a day I've had!' he thought, and fell asleep.

It was a roar and a rush like the crack of doom which woke him; shrieking and shouting, clang of things that fell, boom of great waves, and

thunder such as mortal never heard dominating all. A multitude of naked bodies stumbled over him and fell, a struggling, screaming heap. In an instant they were gone. He started up, but pitched headlong. The floor rolled elastic as a spring-board. It was black night. Dimly he saw clearer patches where a flying wretch, tossed against the wall of sticks, had broken it down. But the dust veiled them like a curtain. Gasping, on hands and knees, Roebelin sought the doorway. Again and again, even thus, he fell upon his side. And all the while that thundering din resounded. He understood now. It was a great earthquake. At length the doorway was found; holding on cautiously, Roebelin felt for the ladder. It was gone—broken in the rush.

Of the time that followed I do not speak. There were no more shocks. Slowly the sky whitened. He turned over the wreck—not a creature was there, dead or living. Great gaps showed in the floor and in the roof. Through one of these, against the rosy clouds, he saw a wreath of giant flowers, lilac and cinnamon, clinging to the tree above. It was *Vanda Sanderiana*!

But that plant and the others collected at the same time never reached Europe. Upon returning to Surigao with his treasures, Roebelin found little beyond heaps of rubbish on the site. Earthquakes have a home in Mindanao. But that of 1880 was the most awful on record as yet. Two years later he returned and brought home the prize.

A S O N G.

MY LADY wanders through the glade;
Across the sunshine and the shade
I see her pass.
She has a smile that's very sweet,
And softly fall her little feet
Upon the grass.

The woodland falls a-wondering;
Methinks the birds forget to sing,
A little space;
And through the brake a rabbit creeps,
Or here a timid squirrel peeps,
To see her face.

And where the trees their branches spread,
The dancing sunbeams overhead
Play hide-and-seek;
Come gliding, glancing through the green,
And steal the jealous leaves between,
To kiss her cheek.

And now and then, between the trees,
There comes a little whispering breeze,
And, passing there,
Flutters the muslin of her dress,
Or touches, soft as a caress,
Her radiant hair.

And every primrose in the dell,
And every nodding woodland bell,
To greet her tries;
And bashful violets, peeping through,
Rejoice to know that they are blue
As her sweet eyes.

Methinks that every living thing
To her a song of praise doth sing;
And only I,
That would so deep a love confess,
Am silent at her loveliness:
I know not why!

V. CRAIGIE HALETT.